My countri Alferd Williams, he
Ain't had advantages like me(My manuma says not to say "ano't"
Buhcause it give my speech a taint).
My sousin Alferd—he don't know
A think about the latest fokes.
Buhcause he isn't city folks!
But he knows lots of things to say—
One of 'em ratiles on this way:

"What's your name? Fuddin' Tame! Where you goin'? Down the lane!"

An' one is where you halto say:
"I saw a woully worm teday," then
An' then he says, "I one it," then
You say. "I two it," the again
He says, "I three it'—an' you go
Right on ahead, till first you know
Tou say, "I eight it!" soon's you've spoke
Tou see that minute where's the joke!

My cousin Alferd Williams, he is all the time a-catchin' me With jokes I never heard at all, But papa says he can recall. For caps, one time, where he grew To be a hoy was country, too! But Cousin Alferd's jokes is smart—I'm goin' to learn them all by heart; An' best of all the jet o' his is what I say that juic one is:

"Where've you been?
In my skin—Fil jump out
An' you jump in!"
—Wilbur Neshit, in Harpar's Magazine.



# Miss Jessie Day from New York.

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To begin with, Jim Dutton was the most popular and capable boy in Borden Academy last Fall, and it was this very fact that made his fall from favor seem all the greater. He was captain of the football team, and undoubtedly their best man, and consequently the boys hated to be at loggerheads with him, for it was decidedly biting off their own noses; but what could they do? For weeks Jim had practiced ball every day, keeping in better training than any of the others, and then suddenly, with no warning whatever, he had apparently lost all interest in his team, calmly stopped practice, and here was the biggest game of the season coming off in three weeks. What the fact that his actions were so mysterious, and try as they would It seemed impossible to account for them. One morning, however, Dick Brown

bounced into the study. "Fellers," he cried triumphantly. "I have it! Do you want to know what's

the matter with Jim Dutton?"
"You bet!" was the instant chorus.
Dick made himself the centre of an interested group and proceeded to di-

wulge his secret.
"Well," said he, "Jim is calling three nights a week on my cousin Estelle, and writing silly poems to her the other four. I went over to see Estelle to-day, and she let it all

"Jingo!" cried Harry Todd. "To think of Jim Dutton being so silly. Hope he gets over it, though, because if he doesn't we lose our game."
"Get over it!" said Dick, fairly pur-

ple with excitement, "I guess not. Why, Estelle said that her friend Miss Day, was coming from New York next week, and that she was going to ask Jim to meet her. Of course, he will be so excited that we couldn't hire him to even think of football!"

There was a pause after this piece of news, and then Dicky continued: Boys," he said, "I have a scheme. think it's up to us to play some trick on Jim after the mean way he's treated us and see what you think of this: To begin with, we'll have to let Esshe's a pretty good one, and maybe she'll help us. If she won't why, we are no worse on than before. Now, Miss Day is expected next week, and we must get Estelle to write and ask Jim over to see her." And then there And then there was a long consultation in low tones.

The boys received the idea with wild enthusiasm, and Dick was appointed a committee of one to call on Firtelle and see if he could persuade her to side with them. He was gone on hour, and then came back radiant, success written all over his beaming

"Fellers." he cried, "Estelle's a peach. She's going to write to Jim this very night."

The next morning on his way down the hall Dick passed Jim's half-open door. Jim looked very important. "Say," he said, "I just got a letter from your cousin, asking me to come see her friend, Jessie Day. I'm going Wednesday."

"It seems to me you waste a lot of time on the girls," said Dick carelessly as he sauntered off, whistling,

Wednesday evening came at last and the moment dinner was over the boys mole over to Estelle's house. "Miss Day" was resplondent in a pale blue dress and high-heeled slippers. She had light curly hair with a coquettish bow on the side, and I regret to say, her checks looked as if they had been

The boys hid in a little room off the parlor, fully propared to enjoy the evening's entertainment,

In the meantime, poor unsuspecting Jim was struggling with his toflet, wishing to make as deep an impres-aion as possible upon "Miss Day from New York," He brushed his hair about fifty times, took three-quarters of an hour tying his necktie, and spent at least half an hour polishing his shoes. "I think I'll do," said Jim to himself, with a furewell glance at the glass.

Five minutes later Estelle greeted him cordially, and "Jessie" followed her into the parlor. "Gee, she's a pretty girl," said Jim to himself, after bounding up with his best bow. "So glad to meet you," said Miss Day in such a sweet voice. "Estelle has told me very often about your school, and I think it must be simply fine." Just at that moment Estelle was selzed with a violent fit of coughing, and left the room for a glass of water. She falled to return, and after waiting expectantly for a minute or two, Jessie Day and Jim sat down. Jessie talked of football, and asked so many questions that Jim before he knew it telt all of his old interest return, and soon was describing the game with wild enthusiasm. Then Jessie told & story of a man she once heard about, who deserted his team at a crittral moment, and they lost the game in consequence.

"My, what a dishonorable trick," cried Jim, and then for some unaccountable reason he stopped, blushed furiously and tried to turn the conversation.

But Miss Day stuck to it persistently and finally asked him when he was

going to play again. "Oh, I believe they play Oak-ville three weeks from Saturday," said Jim carelessly.

"They," said Jessie, "why don't you say we?"

"Well, to tell the truth," stammered in confusedly, "I hardly think I shall play."

"Oh, I am so disappointed," cried Jessie, "for I shall be here for that game, and I would love to feel I had a friend on the team! Now please don't back out."

Jim, bound to be polite, whatever the consequences, exclaimed:
"Well, if you are going to be here,

l certainly will play."

"Now, promise," said Jessie.
"I promise," answered Jim.

At those words, a lightning change took place in Miss Day. With a dexerous hand she twitched off her yellow wig; another jerk and the blue dress lay in a heap on the floor; and there stood Billy Dixon, his rouged cheeks shaking with laughter. The folding doors rolled back, and a pack of boys burst in, crying, "You've promised to play, you've promised to play, and Jim Dutton was never known to break his word yet."

first Jim was wild with anger, called them cheats and traifors, and said he'd never play another game of football as long as he lived, Then the funny side struck him, and he laughed till the tears run down his checks.

"B "Boys!" he cried, "I have been an idiot, but I'll plat that game now, if I have have to work twenty-three hours out of twenty-four to do it. 'Miss Dalsy' has opened my eyes. Here where is she? Let's give her three cheers." The boys cheered until Estelle came rushing down to see what was the matter, and then they insisted on giving them all over again for

Needless to say, the game was played and won by Jim's team, and the best part of it was that the real Miss Jessie Day, who finally did come from New York, and was a very nice girl indeed, was the very first to cheer the football captain.—Washington Star.

# The Injunctive Power.

Seeking redress for domestic troubles a Negro woman who resembled nothing so much as she did the "before taking" half of an anti-fat remedy, appeared at the office of one of the local judges a few days ago.

"I'se a wronged woman," she hissed in a give-me-back-those-papers-Jack-Dalton voice. "Ah wants redress." "What's the trouble?" inquired the

sympathetic judge.
"It's 'bout man ole man. He's done been casyin' on high wif a lot uv deese young niggah gals, an' its got so baad twill I don' see him more'n once a week. Somepin's got t' be done."

The judge's eye held a crafty gleam, You are seeking a divorce-a legal separation?" he questioned.

"Go 'long man! Divo'ce nothin', Think I'm gwine C gin 'im what he wants and low dat man who, dispite all his oussedness, is de handsomest niggab in Willow Tree valley t' go skyhootin' roun' 'mong dom gals? No. sah! I doan want no divo-ce ner dat legal septitution yer's talkin' 'bout. What I wants is an injunction!"-Washington Star.

A Delicate Turn.

It was close on midnight and the profemional guest felt it was high time for him to stop playing. "Perhaps I'd better not play any more tonight." he said, wearly. "I see you have near neighbors and they might be annoyed."

You needn't mind them for a minute, said his hostess, carnestly, "We are perfectly sure they poisoned our cat, and if they did, nothing is too bad for them."-Youth's Companion.



"How do you think you would like it?"
Said the little black cat to me,
"If you in your bed were lying,
As cosily as can be,

"With your nose on your forepaws rest-And dreaming of mice and things, of whole pans of cream you were lapping. Of birds with the weakest wings

"How would you like it, I wonder, With never a hint before. To find your bed rising and walking, To find yourself out on the floor?

"If you were a sensitive kitten, You'd think it a great mishap;
You'd wonder if it quite paid you
To sleep in Miss Jonnie Brown's lap,

—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

#### Try It Yourself.

The Kansas City Journal propounds this puzzle: Take the number of your living brothers, double the amount, add to it 3, multiply by 5, add to it the number of your living sisters, multiply the result by 10, add the number of deaths of brothers and subtract 150 from the result. The right figure will be the number of deaths, the middle will be number of living sisters, and the left will show the number of living brothers. Try it and see.

### The Lesson That Kitty Taught.

Mamma had called Russell to dinner. But instead of clean hands such as ought to be brought to the table, Russell had grimy little phws, and mamma had said, "No little boy can come to my table until he is swest and clean."

Then the shadow had come to Russell's face, and the tears to his eyes and mamma had sent him out into the sunshine of the porch steps to get the sunshine back into his face.

It was while he sat there, feeling very cross, that he heard a little sound and looked up. There was Cornelia sitting in the middle of a patch of sunshine in the doorway.

Cornelia was Russell's own kitten. Her coat was a beautiful, glossy black, that shops like the satin lining of Russell's mamma's coat. She wore four clean white stockings, and had a spotless white vest, and there she sat, licking her white paws and washing her face. Back and forth, over and over the little furry head, went the pretty white paw, giving the best kind of bath that kittens know.

Just then Addle came out with

saucer of milk, and kitty ran toward it and began happily lapping it up.

Russell sat very still and watched her, and as he watched, a feeling grew in his heart that made him rise and go softly to the bath-room and make his dimpled hands and rosy face as clean and fresh as the roses out in the

A few minutes later a little boy, with shining eyes, opened the dining-room door, and mamma took the little boy with the clean face and beautiful smile close to her heart, and said, just as, perhaps, your mamma says sometimes to you, "Now, my little boy looks sweet enough to be kissed."—Phila. Butler Bowman, in Kindergarten Re-

# Royal Mischief.

Prince Edward of Wales, son of the Prince of Wales and prospective helr to the throne, is just beginning his education as a cadet at the Royal Naval College on the Isle of Wight. Prince Edward, a little more than thirteen, is entered as an ordinary cadet, and shares all comforts and discomforts with the rest of the lads. If he resembles his father at that age, he is capable of getting a good deal of boylsh fun out of life. In a book the "Private Life of King Edward VII." some of the escapades of the present Prince of Wales are given.

Prince George and his elder brother were "rare young toads," as an old middy remarked. The received their training on the school-ship Britannia, and afterward went on a cruise in the Bacchante. They and to rough it with the rest, and were treated without dis-

When the Bacchante touched at Bermuda, on the famous cruise, the authorities of the Island were anxious to present a bunch of Bermuda illies to Prince Eddy, and anxiously inquired his identity. Prince George, ever ripe for mischief, gave so misleading an answer that the embarrassing bouquet was presented to several midshipmen

before it reached the proper hands. When the party went on shore to lunch, the two princes got together in the bow of the boat and occupied themselves very mysteriously. When they landed, the assembled natives were astonished to see their future king and his brother with nones of the most brilliant yellow. The two had used the pollen of the lilles to adorn themselves with.

It was probably their enjoyment of this joke which led the two not to contradict the statement which was soon after published to the world, that the married in the capital.

heir to the throne had had an ancher tattoed on his nose. The Prince of Wales was made exceedingly anxions by the report, and for a long time the story was believed.—Christian Reg-

## The Lucky Stamp.

A stamp from her grandfather's love letter to ber grandmother has brought to twelve-year-old Janett Fawcett, of Alexandria, Va., the largest price ever paid for an American stamp in America, the sum of \$3,000.

The stamp is one of the few of the Provincial issue, printed by the postmaster of Alexandria in 1847, before the days of the national postage stamp system. This particular stamp is printed in black ink on light blue paper. All the other stamps of this issue heretofore known are printed in black on buff paper. The stamp is circular in shape and the size of a half-dollar. In its center is the word "paid," with "5" under it. These are encircled by the words, "Postoffice, Alexandria," around which in turn is a circle of stars.

As told by Mr. Parrish, who conducted the sale, the story of the stamp is this: The Fawcetts, who have lived in Alexandria for many generations, were once well-to-do, but are now so poor that when Mrs. Janet Fawcett, who is 76 years old, wished to give her granddaughter and namesake a Christmas present, the only thing she could find were the stamps from several old letters. All of these-one was from a love letter sent her by her husband in the early 50's—were of old varieties, and Mrs. Fawcett was sure they would be worth something.
The old lady had always wished to

be the donor of her namesake's wedding dress, so on Christmas, when she gave the stamps to her little grand-child, she told her to sell them for what she could, and perhaps they would bring enough to buy a wedding dress. The little girl's father took the stumps to a dealer in Alexandria, He bought all the others for moderate prices, but when he came to the stamp from the old love letter he declared at once that its value was beyond his purchasing power.

When she was informed of the im-mense value of the stamp from her old love letter Mrs. Fawcett was overjoyed greatly astonished. Whatever it should bring, she said, would be the property of her little granddaughter, and if there was more than enough for a dress the rest would be put aside for her dowry when she was married. -Home Herald.

## Nora's Stone Butterfly.

Teddy and Nora ran into grandpa's study all out of breath.

"It is, isn't it, grandpa?" cried Nora, "It isn't, is it?" cried Teddy.

What are you talking about, children?" asked grandpa, smiling.
"About my stone butterfly,"

Nora, eagerly. "I found it down by the brook. It must have got caught in the stone some way. See here!"

Nora held out a stone in which was something that looked yery much like a butterfly with its wings apread. Grandpa took it in his hand and look-ed at it carefully. "That is not a butterfly," said he.

"There, Nora!" said Teddy. "I told you it just happened so." "No, grandpa went on, "it did not just happen so. Let me tell you a

"Oh, do, grandpal' cried Teddy and Nora together. 'A long, long time ago-"

"When you were a little boy?" inter-

rupted Nora.

"It was long before there were any little boys in the world," said grandpa, and just where our farm is now, nothing was to be seen except the ocean. In the ocean lived a great many shell-fish. There was one little fellow who had a very pretty shell, though I can't tell you just what color it was. He had a splendid time swimming about with his mates in the warm sea water as long as he lived; and when he died, he left his little shell in the sand at the bottom of the ocean. The sea slowly drifted away, and the sand drifted over the shell and grew harder and harder, till at last it turned to stone, and the shell turned to stone, too. There It lay for thousands of years, till at last a little girl found It and called it a stone butterfly.

"O grandpa, how funny!" said Nora. 'And are there any more shells in the rocks?"

"There are so many," said grandpa, "that you could not write the number on your slate."

"Then see if I don't fill my cabinet with 'em!" cried Teddy.-Youth's Companion.

# A Milanese Wedding Dinner,

When Violanti Visconti was married to Duke Lionel, son of Edward Ill of England, at Milan, the wedcourses, including suchling pigs, fish, hares, veal, quall, partridge, carp, pea-cocks, ducks, cheuse and cherries. Some of the nah and gamn were incrusted in gold.-New York World.

Marriage at an early age is frequent in Mexico. Recently a boy of sixteen and a girl of fourteen were

## ITALIAN CHEAP LIVING

Railroad Laborers Able to Get Along on Less Than Ten Dollars a Month.

That Italian Inborers save more money at the same wages than any other European immigrants is a statement made in a report of the Department of Commerce and Labor. The reason is easily found.

A great majority of the unskilled is borers in this country are employed in railroad construction and similar undertakings which are usually carried on where there are no accommodations for boarding and lodging the men. The boarding camp thus becomes essential to the contracting company.

In the case of men of all nationalties except the Italians a fixed charge is made for the boarding and lodging of each man. The Italians, however insist on buying and cooking their own

Investigation of the records of a contracting company employing many laborers of various nationalities in railroad construction showed that the actual cost to the company for grocer-ies, provisions, and payment for cooks walters, fuel, light, etc., at its boardi.g campa was 19 cents a meal, or \$3,-95 a week for each man. The men were charged \$18 a month for board and lodging.

The Italians at the camps of the same company lived mostly on macaroni, sausage, cheese, sardines and bread, macaroni and bread being the staples, and the others used very sparingly. The average monthly expense of each laborer was as follows: Twenty-five one and one-half pound loaves of bread at 8 cents \$2; thirty pounds of macaroni at 7 cents, \$2.10; sausage, sardines and cheese, \$1.50; lard, 90 cents.

Most of the Italians, in addition to that amount, spent an average of \$3 a month for beer, cheap cigars and tobacco, which, with the expenses of \$1 a month for shanty rent, brought the total cost of living up to about \$10. s month

An examination of the records of three railroad systems in New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey for 1905 and 1906 gives accurate figures on the earnings and cost of living of large numbers of Italians under the usual commissionary system. The average earnings for a representative month in 1996 for eighty-nine gangs, numbering 1,530 men, were \$37.07. The cost of all food was \$5.30 and shanty rent and sundries, \$1.40, or a total of \$3.70. leaving a surplus of \$30.28.

These figures furnish one of the most potent explanations of the great amount of money sent by post-office orders to Italy. In 1906 the amount sent to all countries was \$62,435,343, and of this \$36,798,582, or 58.9 per cent, went to Italy, and the Stavic countries,

The total amount sent to Italy was \$16,239,134, against \$20,559,428 to Russia and Austria-Hungary, which countries have twice as many representa-tives in the United States as Italy,-Washington Post.

# Last of the "Water Drinkers."

The last representative of the once famous society of "Water Drinkers" has just died in France in the person. of Leopold Desbrosen. The deceased gentleman, who was an engraver by profession, was in the habit of receivng the members of the society at his house, where art, painting and literature were the subjects of discussion. There Murger, the author of "Vie de Roheme," used to researt, and when his fortunes were at their lowest ebb-was kept by the hospitality of M. Des-broses. It is said to have been at this house that Murger met the two characters whom he afterward portrayed in the famous book and opera under the names of Rodolph and Schaunard. London Globe.

# Always An Excuse.

Two ladies who had not seep each other for years recently met in the street. They recognized each other after a time, and their recognition was cordial. "So delighted to see yes again. Why, you are scarcely altered." So glad; and how little changes you are! Why, how long is it since we met?" "About ten years." "And why have you never been to see me?" "My dear, fust took at the weather we have

A Source of Amusement.

Small Girl (on scolug a Chinese washeeman)-"What's that, many

Mother-"That's a Chinaman, dear." Small Girl-"Do all the folks in China dress like that?"

Mother-"Yes dear." Small Girl-'Gracious! how they must laugh when they see each other,"-Philadelphia Record.

# Prisoner Asks Pension.

A life convict in the Andaruna had served some long period when an order recently came for his release. All the time he had been in the hand, and had evidently so far formotten that is was a prisoner that on his release he put in a claim for a pension of ac count of his long and faithful perties an a government servant - Madra